SPIDER-VERSE
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MIKE COSTA
ANDRÉ ARAÚJO
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SPIDER-VERSE

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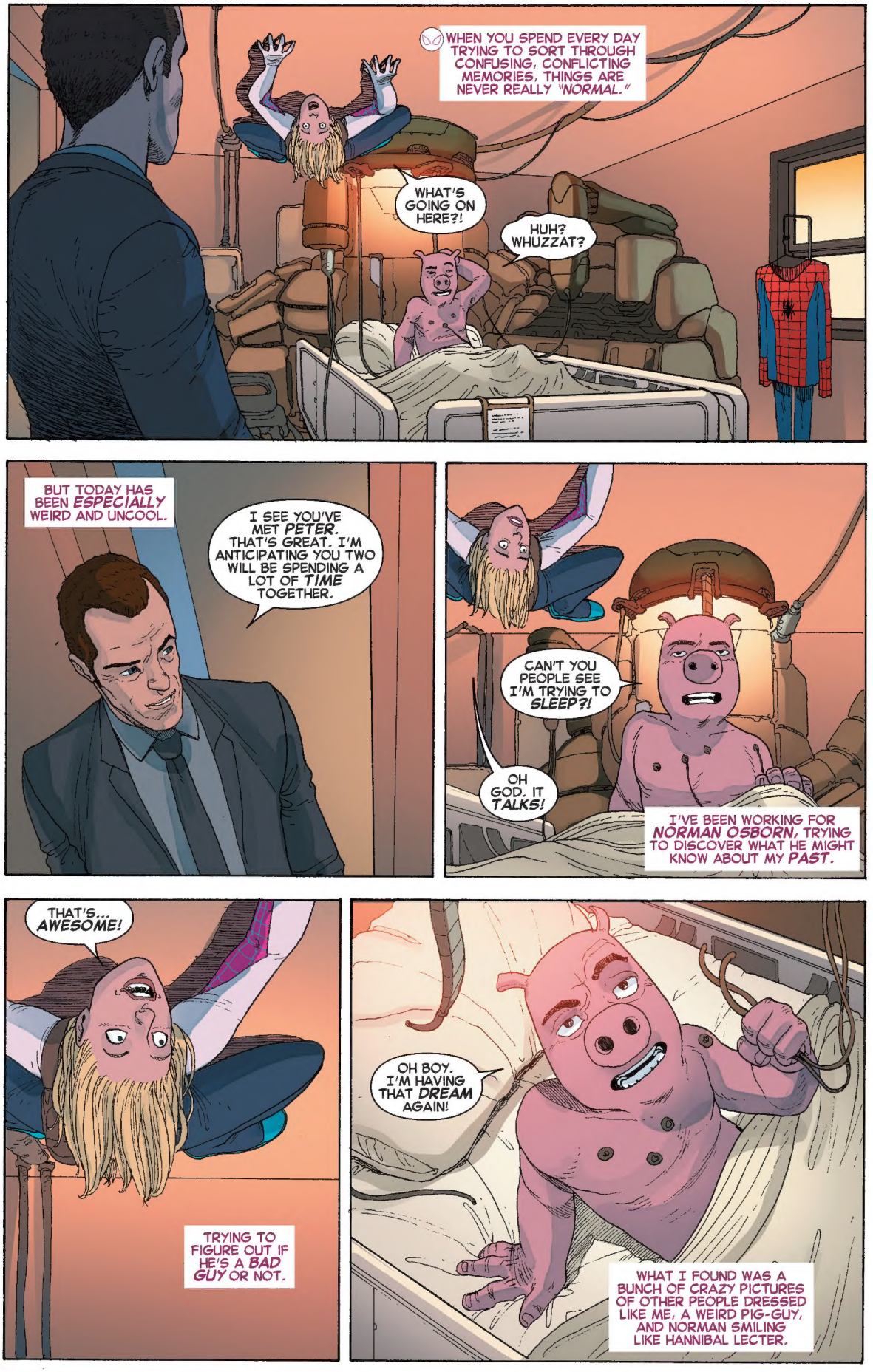
WHEN YOU SPEND EVERY DAY TRYING TO SORT THROUGH CONFUSING, CONFLICTING MEMORIES, THINGS ARE NEVER REALLY "NORMAL."
WHAT'S GOING ON HERE?!
HUH? WHUZZAT?
BUT TODAY HAS BEEN ESPECIALLY WEIRD AND UNCOOL.
I SEE YOU'VE MET PETER. THAT'S GREAT. I'M ANTICIPATING YOU TWO WILL BE SPENDING A LOT OF TIME TOGETHER.
CAN'T YOU PEOPLE SEE I'M TRYING TO SLEEP?!
OH GOD. IT TALKS!
I'VE BEEN WORKING FOR NORMAN OSBORN, TRYING TO DISCOVER WHAT HE MIGHT KNOW ABOUT MY PAST.
THAT'S... AWESOME!
TRYING TO FIGURE OUT IF HE'S A BAD GUY OR NOT.
OH BOY. I'M HAVING THAT DREAM AGAIN!
WHAT I FOUND WAS A BUNCH OF CRAZY PICTURES OF OTHER PEOPLE DRESSED LIKE ME, A WEIRD PIG-GUY, AND NORMAN SMILING LIKE HANNIBAL LECTER.

THAT'S *ONE* QUESTION ANSWERED, AT LEAST.

NOW IF YOU'LL COME DOWN OFF THAT CEILING, WE CAN-- *MMPPH!*

SORRY, NORMAN. I *DEFINITELY* WANT TO TALK TO YOU, BUT THIS DOESN'T SEEM LIKE THE BEST PLACE.

COME ON, PETER. WE'RE OUT OF HERE--

HEY!

HOLD UP! I'M *NAKED* UNDER HERE!

SHE'S GOT THE BOSS!

SET 'EM TO *STUN!* WE DON'T WANT TO *HURT* HIM.

KIDNAPPING THE MOST POWERFUL MAN IN THE *CITY* WITH A BASHFUL, NAKED *PIG.*

HOO BOY.

THIS IS GONNA BE A *PARTICULARLY* RAD DIARY ENTRY.

JUST GRAB YOUR UNDERWEAR, WE GOTTA *GO!*

THIS *IS* MY UNDERWEAR!

I'M CARRYING AN ANGRY, STRUGGLING HOSTAGE AND I'M UP AGAINST THREE ARMED MEN.
THEY'RE TRAINED, I HAVE INSTINCT.
AND MY INSTINCT SAYS TO *SIMPLIFY.*
SNFF. AW, MAN. TODAY WAS SUPPOSED TO BE *LAUNDRY* DAY--
UNG!
I'M NOT SAYING IT'S THE *BEST* INSTINCT.
PETER!
GRAB NORMAN AND GET SOME *ANSWERS* OR SAVE THE INNOCENT PIG. I DON'T THINK I CAN DO *BOTH.*

WORST-CASE SCENARIO, A TALKING PIG COULD PROBABLY MAKE ME *FAMOUS* AT LEAST.
JUST IN CASE YOU THINK I'M NOT A *TOTAL* SAP.
THESE RIFLES HAVE A RANGE OF 500 METERS. I COULD--
NO! SHE'LL *FALL* AND BE *KILLED!*
THAT POOR GIRL DOESN'T KNOW WHAT SHE'S *DOING.*

ACROSS THE MULTIVERSE, YOUNG MEN AND WOMEN WERE BITTEN BY GENETICALLY ALTERED, IRRADIATED OR MYSTICAL SPIDERS AND WERE TRANSFORMED. THEY GAINED THE SPEED, AGILITY, AND PROPORTIONAL STRENGTH OF A SPIDER AS WELL AS THE ABILITY TO STICK TO WALLS. SOME EVEN GAINED A UNIQUE PRECOGNITIVE AWARENESS OF DANGER CALLED "SPIDER-SENSE." ALTHOUGH THEIR PATHS HAVE BEEN VARIED, THEY ALL LIVE BY A SINGLE MANTRA – THAT WITH GREAT POWER, THERE MUST ALSO COME GREAT RESPONSIBILITY.

SPIDER-VERSE

THE MULTIVERSE WAS DESTROYED! THE HEROES OF EARTH-616 AND EARTH-1610 WERE POWERLESS TO SAVE IT! NOW, ALL THAT REMAINS...IS BATTLEWORLD! A MASSIVE, PATCHWORK PLANET COMPOSED OF THE FRAGMENTS OF WORLDS THAT NO LONGER EXIST, MAINTAINED BY THE IRON WILL OF ITS GOD AND MASTER, VICTOR VON DOOM! EACH REGION IS A DOMAIN UNTO ITSELF!

IN ONE SUCH DOMAIN, A RAGTAG BAND OF WEB-SLINGING SUPER HEROES HAVE FOUND THEMSELVES UNSURE OF WHERE THEY FIT IN.

AMONG THEM IS GWEN STACY, AKA SPIDER-WOMAN. AFTER INVESTIGATING NORMAN OSBORN AND HIS COMPANY OZCORP, GWEN DISCOVERED A SECRET LAB CONTAINING NONE OTHER THAN PETER PORKER, SPIDER-HAM!

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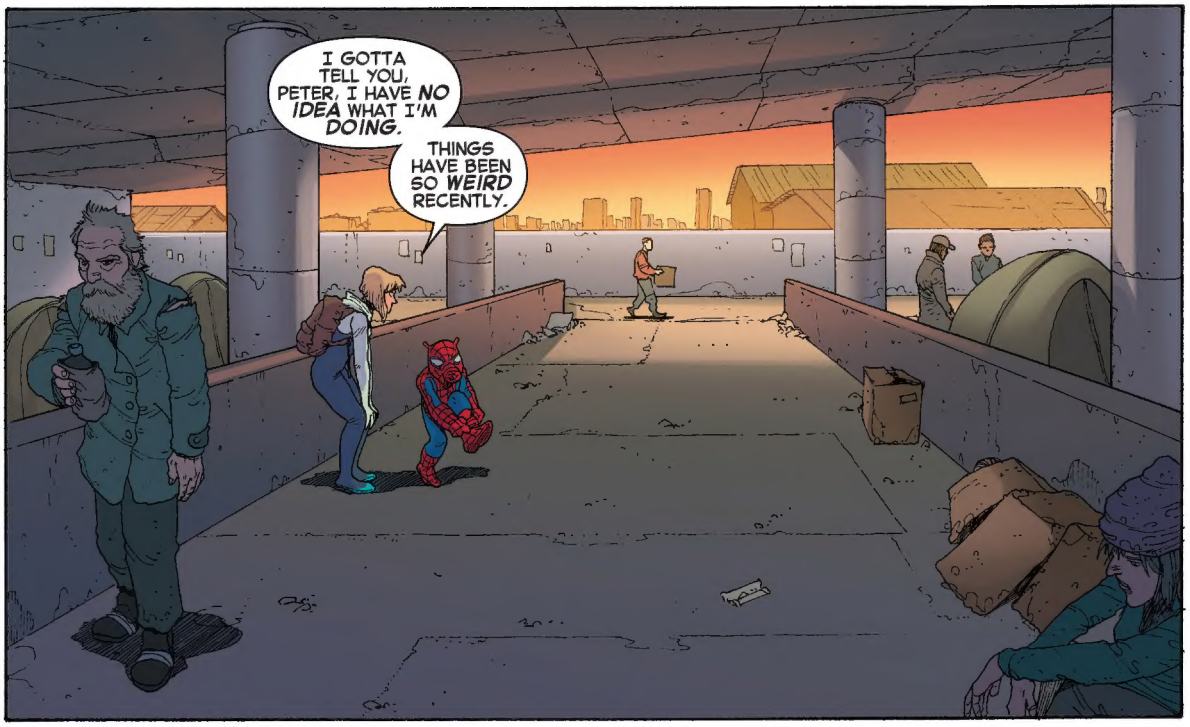
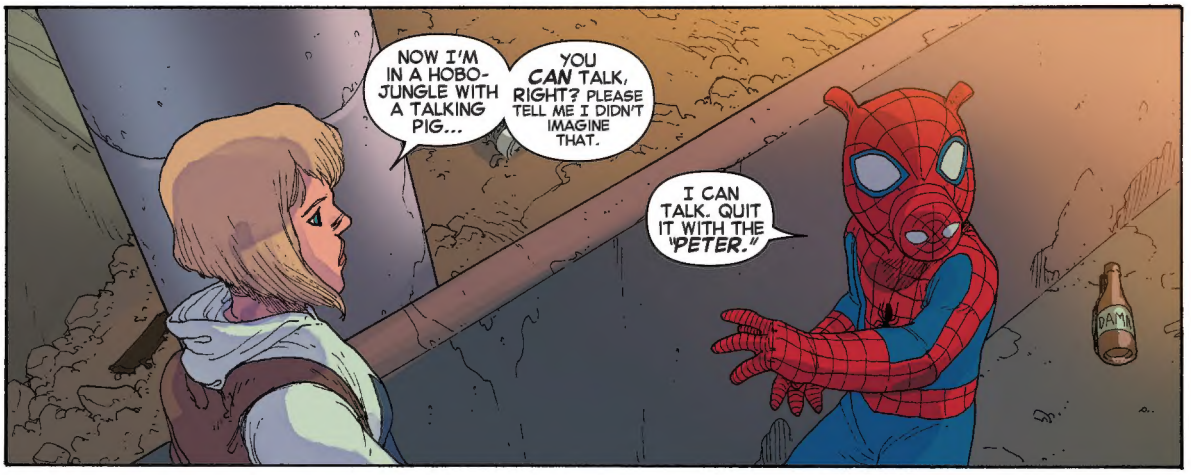
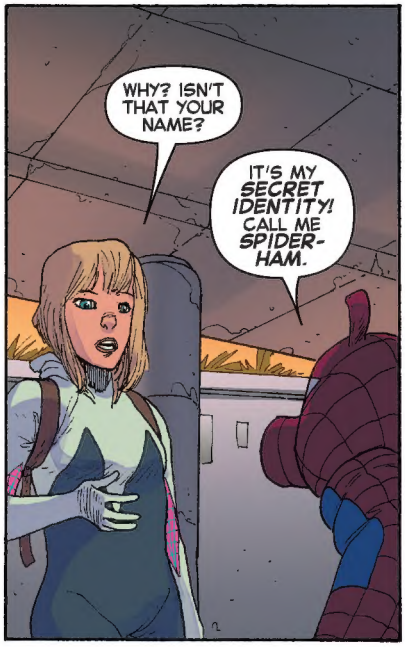
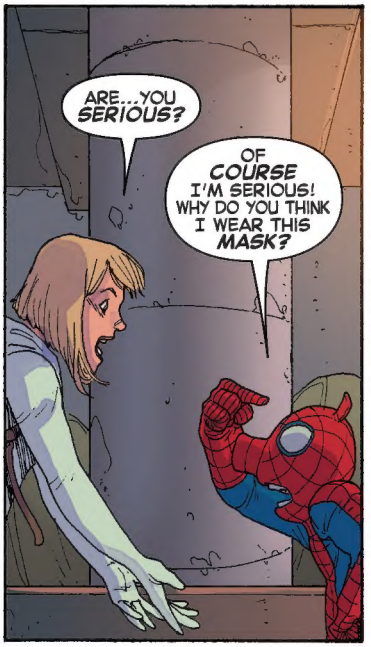
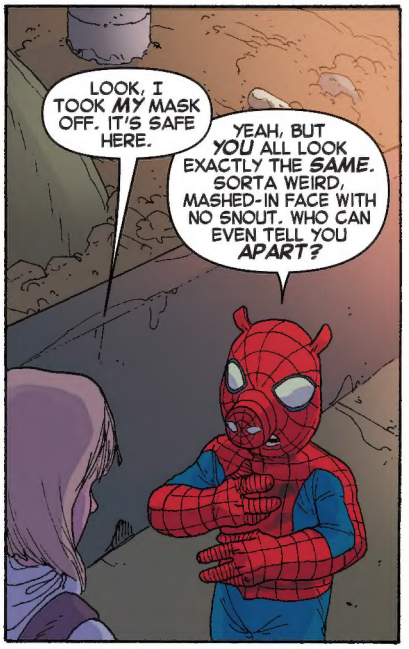
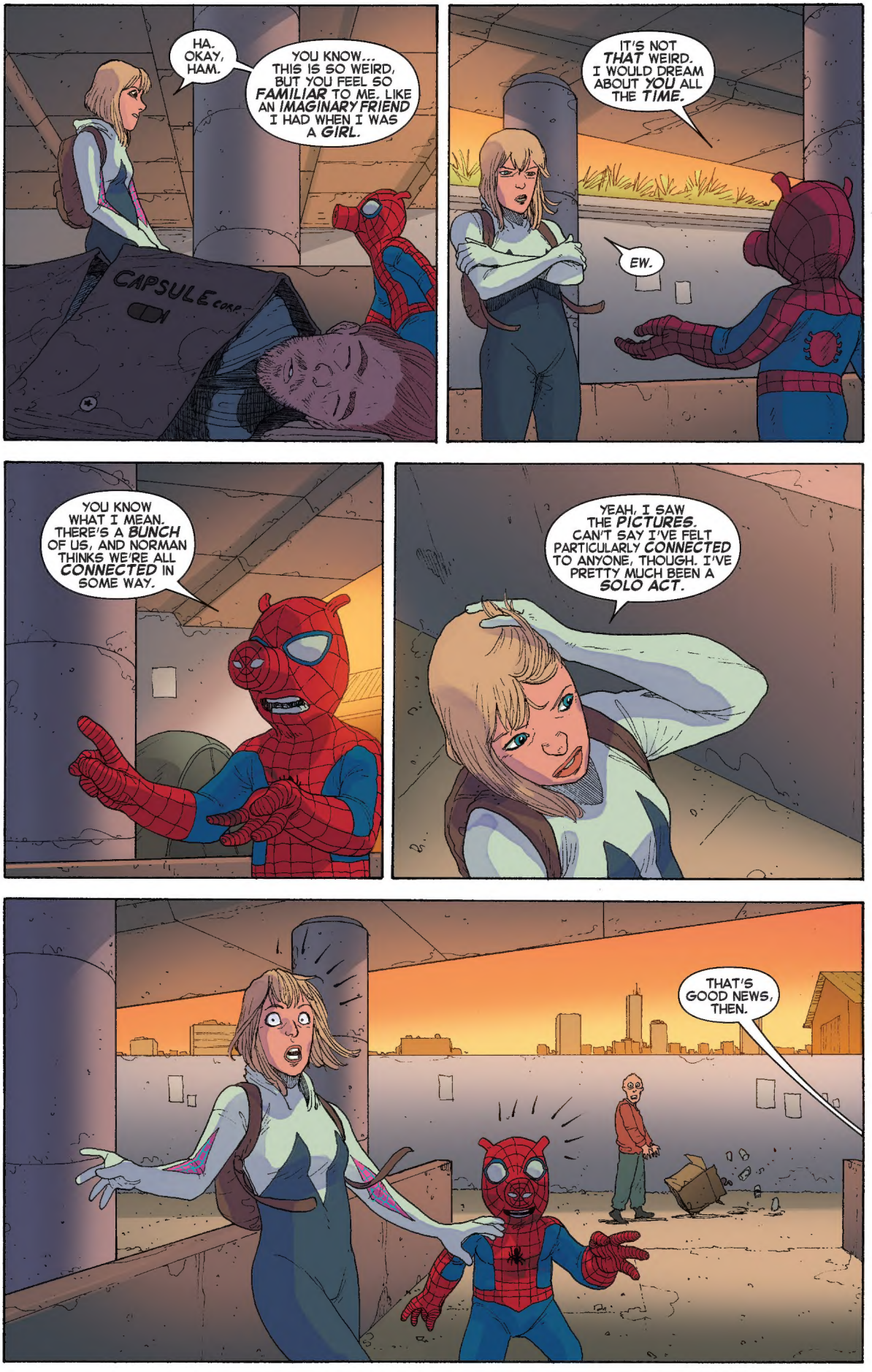

I GOTTA TELL YOU, PETER, I HAVE NO IDEA WHAT I'M DOING.
THINGS HAVE BEEN SO WEIRD RECENTLY.


NOW I'M IN A HOBO-JUNGLE WITH A TALKING PIG...
YOU CAN TALK, RIGHT? PLEASE TELL ME I DIDN'T IMAGINE THAT.
I CAN TALK. QUIT IT WITH THE "PETER."
DAMN


WHY? ISN'T THAT YOUR NAME?
IT'S MY SECRET IDENTITY! CALL ME SPIDER-HAM.

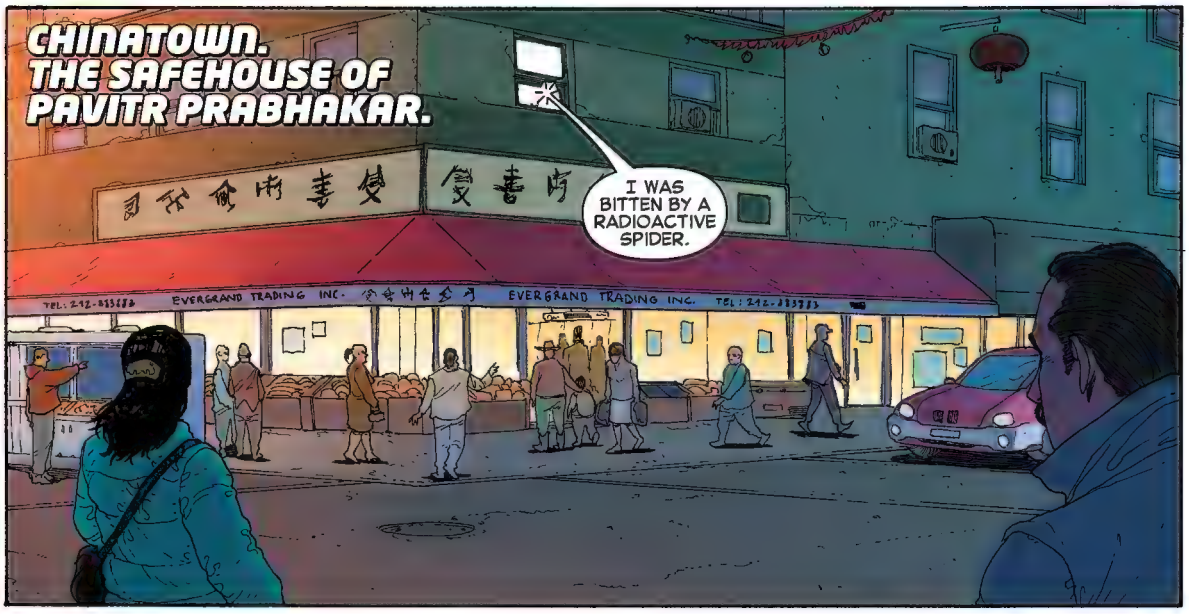

ARE...YOU SERIOUS?
OF COURSE I'M SERIOUS! WHY DO YOU THINK I WEAR THIS MASK?

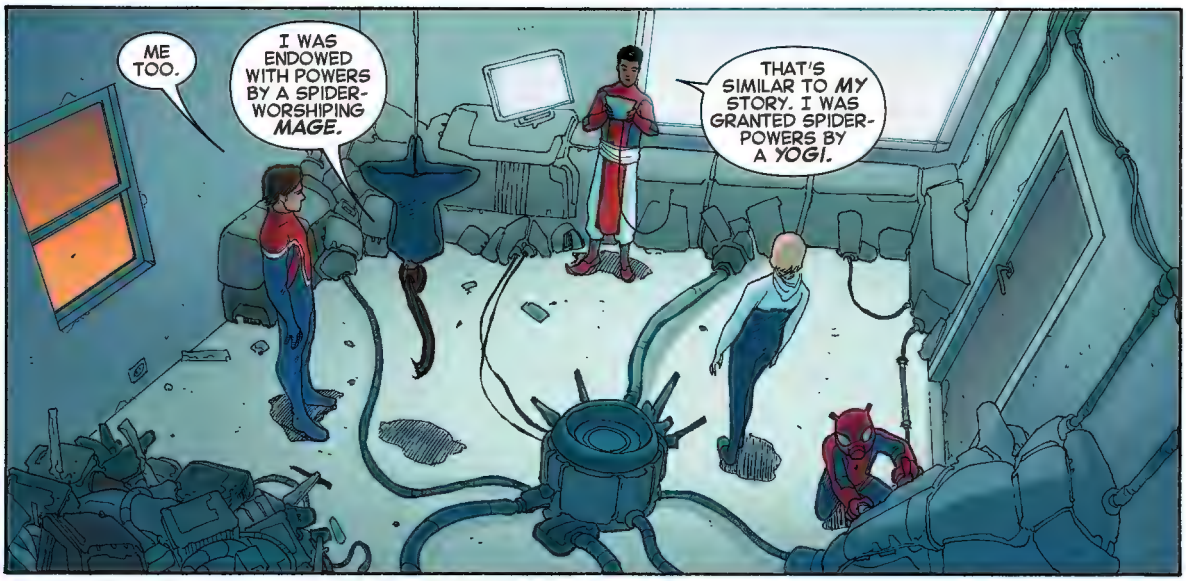

LOOK, I TOOK MY MASK OFF. IT'S SAFE HERE.
YEAH, BUT YOU ALL LOOK EXACTLY THE SAME. SORTA WEIRD, MASHED-IN FACE WITH NO SNOUT. WHO CAN EVEN TELL YOU APART?


HA. OKAY, HAM.
YOU KNOW... THIS IS SO WEIRD, BUT YOU FEEL SO FAMILIAR TO ME. LIKE AN IMAGINARY FRIEND I HAD WHEN I WAS A GIRL.
CAPSULE CORP.
IT'S NOT THAT WEIRD. I WOULD DREAM ABOUT YOU ALL THE TIME.
EW.
YOU KNOW WHAT I MEAN. THERE'S A BUNCH OF US, AND NORMAN THINKS WE'RE ALL CONNECTED IN SOME WAY.
YEAH, I SAW THE PICTURES. CAN'T SAY I'VE FELT PARTICULARLY CONNECTED TO ANYONE, THOUGH. I'VE PRETTY MUCH BEEN A SOLO ACT.
THAT'S GOOD NEWS, THEN.

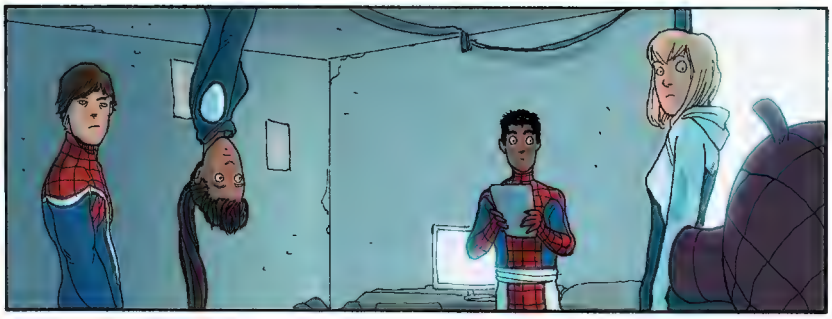
BECAUSE WE'RE GETTING THE BAND BACK TOGETHER.

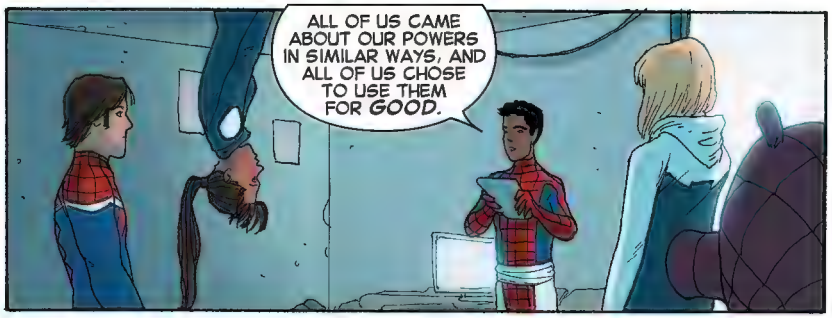
EXCUSE ME, MISS, BUT...
...WAS THAT SWINE SPEAKING?

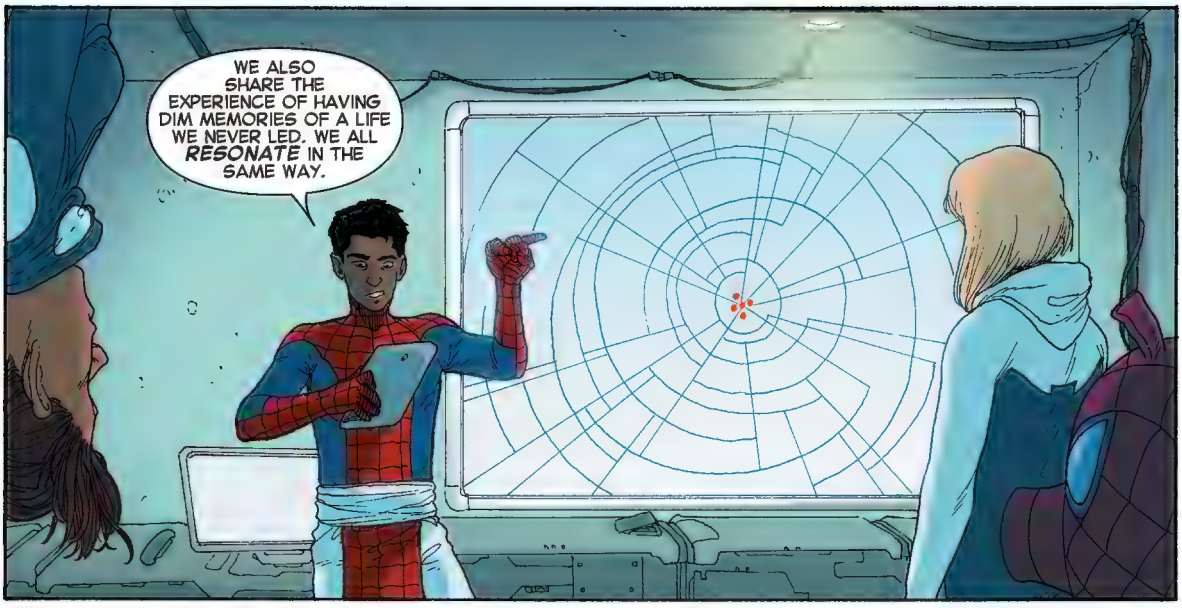

CHINATOWN.
THE SAFEHOUSE OF
PAVITR PRABHAKAR.
I WAS BITTEN BY A RADIOACTIVE SPIDER.
EVERGRAND TRADING INC.
EVERGRAND TRADING INC.


ME TOO.
I WAS ENDOWED WITH POWERS BY A SPIDER-WORSHIPING *MAGE.*
THAT'S SIMILAR TO *MY* STORY. I WAS GRANTED SPIDER-POWERS BY A *YOGI.*

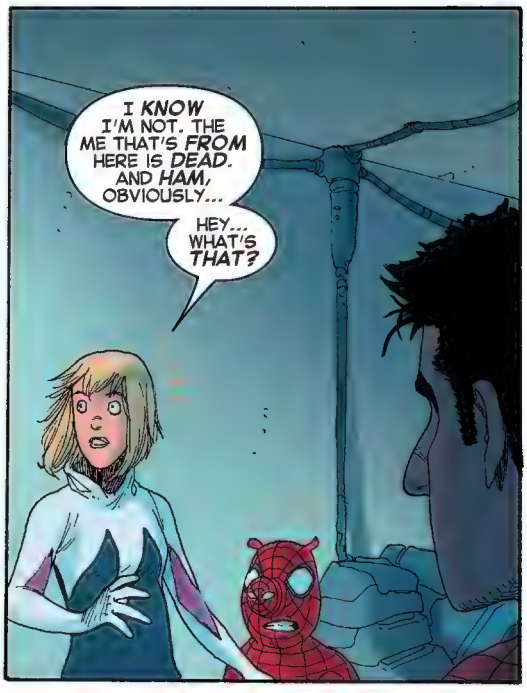
I WAS ACTUALLY A *SPIDER* WHO GOT BIT BY A RADIOACTIVE *PIG.*

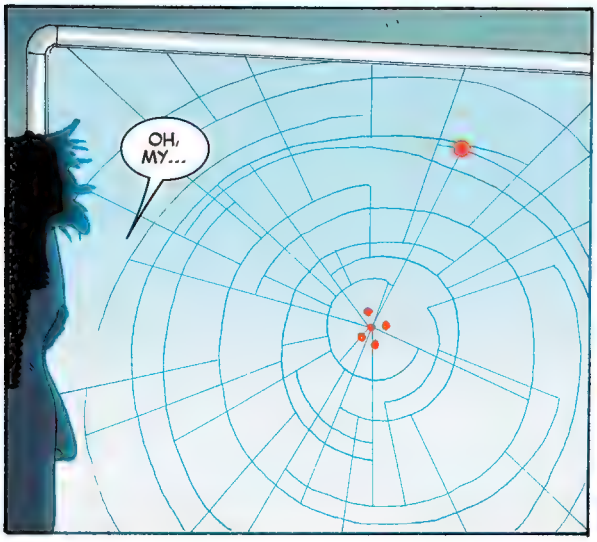



ALL OF US CAME ABOUT OUR POWERS IN SIMILAR WAYS, AND ALL OF US CHOSE TO USE THEM FOR *GOOD.*

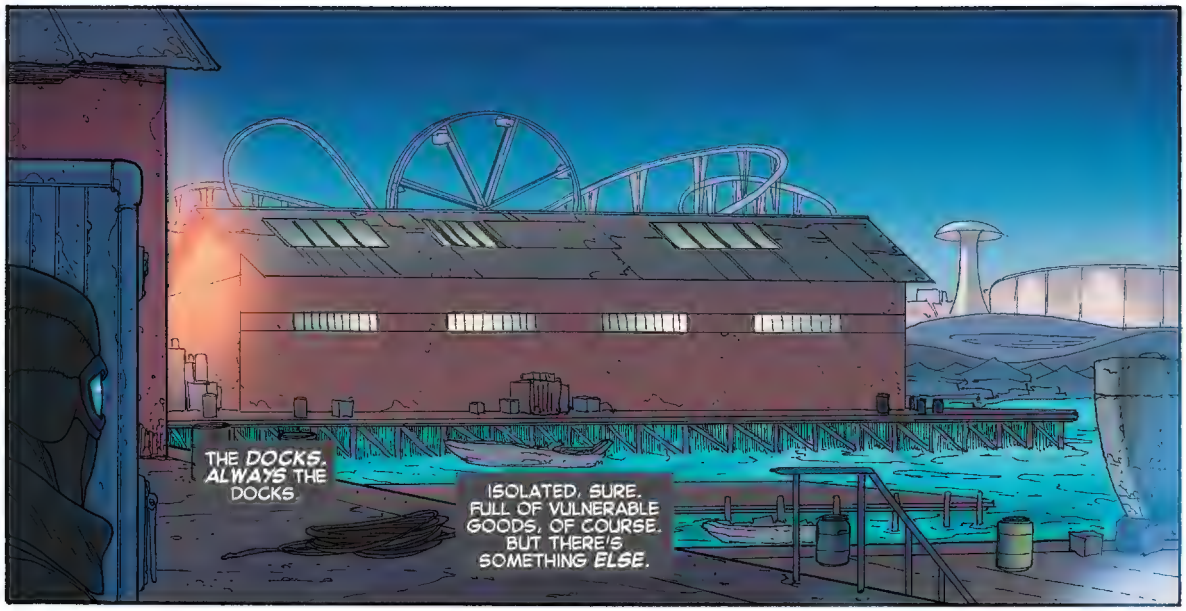

WE ALSO SHARE THE EXPERIENCE OF HAVING DIM MEMORIES OF A LIFE WE NEVER LED. WE ALL *RESONATE* IN THE SAME WAY.

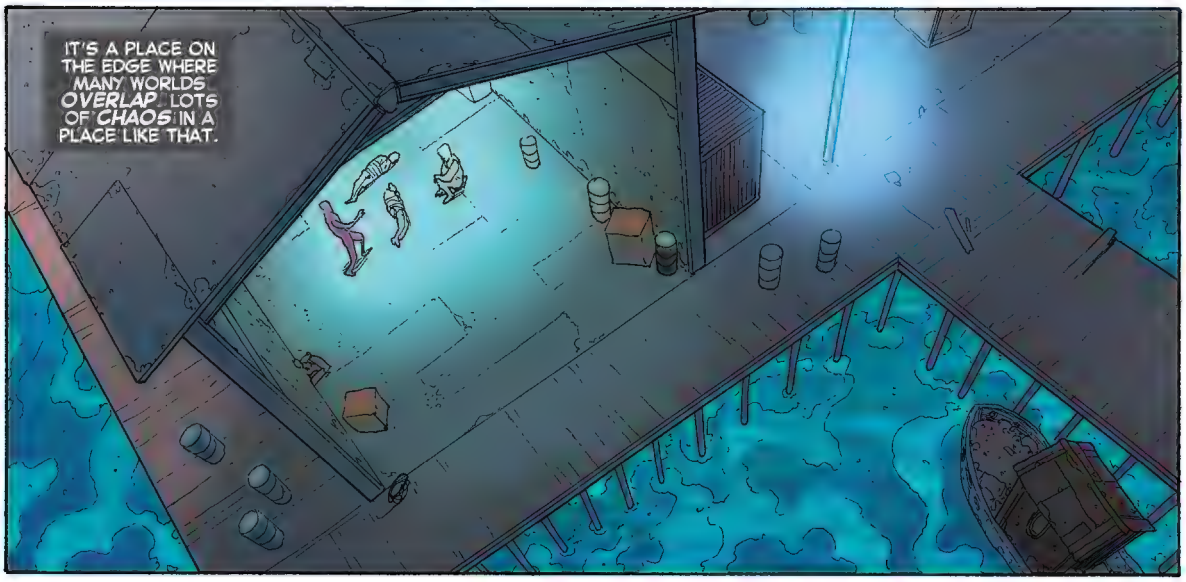
WE'RE GOD'S OWN *DOUBLE EXPOSURE.* IN THIS PLACE, BUT NOT OF IT.
SO YOU DON'T THINK WE'RE *FROM* HERE.


I *KNOW* I'M NOT. THE ME THAT'S *FROM* HERE IS *DEAD.* AND *HAM,* OBVIOUSLY...
HEY... WHAT'S *THAT?*


OH, MY...

IT'S *HIM.*


THE DOCKS. ALWAYS THE DOCKS.
ISOLATED, SURE. FULL OF VULNERABLE GOODS, OF COURSE. BUT THERE'S SOMETHING ELSE.


IT'S A PLACE ON THE EDGE WHERE MANY WORLDS OVERLAP. LOTS OF CHAOS IN A PLACE LIKE THAT.

LOTS OF BAD THINGS.
I BET RIGHT NOW YOU'RE ASKING YOURSELVES, "HOW DID I GET HERE?"

"I THOUGHT I WAS SO CLEVER. HOW DID IT COME TO THIS?"
TOMBSTONE. ORGANIZED-CRIME HATCHET MAN. THEY BRING HIM IN WHEN THEY WANT TO SCARE SOMEONE.
"IS THERE ANYTHING I CAN SAY TO STOP THAT HILLBILLY WEARING A GOOEY MONSTER-SUIT FROM FILLETING ME LIKE A FISH?"
CARNAGE. HOMICIDAL MANIAC. THEY BRING HIM IN WHEN THEY WANT SOMEONE SCARED EVEN WORSE.
PROBABLY NOT. BUT, HEY, I'M ALWAYS HAPPY TO BE SURPRISED.
SO TALK. AND DON'T LEAVE ANYTHING OUT.
THESE TWO MUTTS ARE FROM A NEW CREW PUSHING ITS WAY IN FROM THE EAST SIDE. AND IT LOOKS LIKE THEY'RE ABOUT TO GIVE UP THE ENTIRE OPERATION.
OH, GOD, IT'S NOT HIM, IS IT? TELL ME HE'S NOT ONE OF US.
ALL I HAVE TO DO IS SIT BACK AND LISTEN.
THE COSTUME CERTAINLY LOOKS SIMILAR.
WE CAN SORT THAT OUT LATER. WHOEVER HE IS, HE'S CLEARLY ABOUT TO TORTURE THOSE MEN.

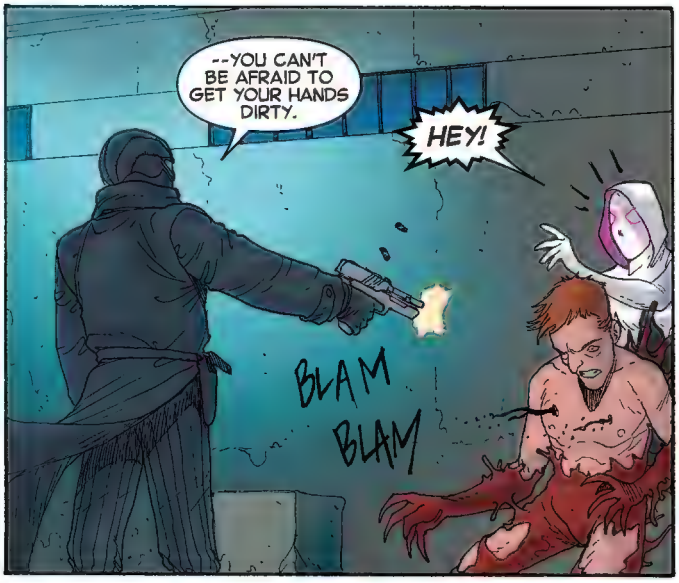
THAT'S JUST NOT GENTLEMANLY.
BUT OF COURSE, NOTHING IS THAT SIMPLE.
DELICIOUS GUMDROPS FILLED WITH BLOOD!
NUMBSKULLS!
WHAT... THE HELL IS GOING ON?
THEY LOOK LIKE GUM DROPS!
CHARGING IN HURLY-BURLY INSTEAD OF BEING SMART AND STICKING TO THE SHADOWS.

YOU DON'T JUST JUMP RIGHT OUT IN FRONT OF A TRAIN.
CAREFUL OF THE BIG GUY. HE'S JUST AS DANGEROUS AS THE CREEPY-CRAWLY ONE.
AND HE BITES.

THE GIRL AND THE LIMEY HAVE A RHYTHM. HE'S HAD SOME TRAINING AND THEY'RE OBVIOUSLY PARTNERS.
BLAM BLAM BLAM
THE TWIST IN THE HOOD HAS GOOD INSTINCTS.
SO DOES THE KID IN THE PAJAMA PANTS.
CRUNCH
(ALSO, THERE'S A PIG.)
ULTIMATELY NOBODY SEEMS TOTALLY HOPELESS, WHICH IS A RELIEF SINCE THEY'VE BEEN ACTING LIKE SUCH KNUCKLEHEADS.
WATCH OUT!

CARNAGE CAN THROW PROJECTILES AND THEY DON'T SET OFF YOUR SIXTH SENSE.
HOW DO YOU KNOW ALL THIS?
BECAUSE I RECONNOITER.
I WAS WORRIED ABOUT THIS BEING TOO LOUD AND DRAWING ATTENTION. BUT THIS HAS ALREADY TURNED INTO A DONNYBROOK.
SPIDERS, COVER YOUR EARS!
BWOOM

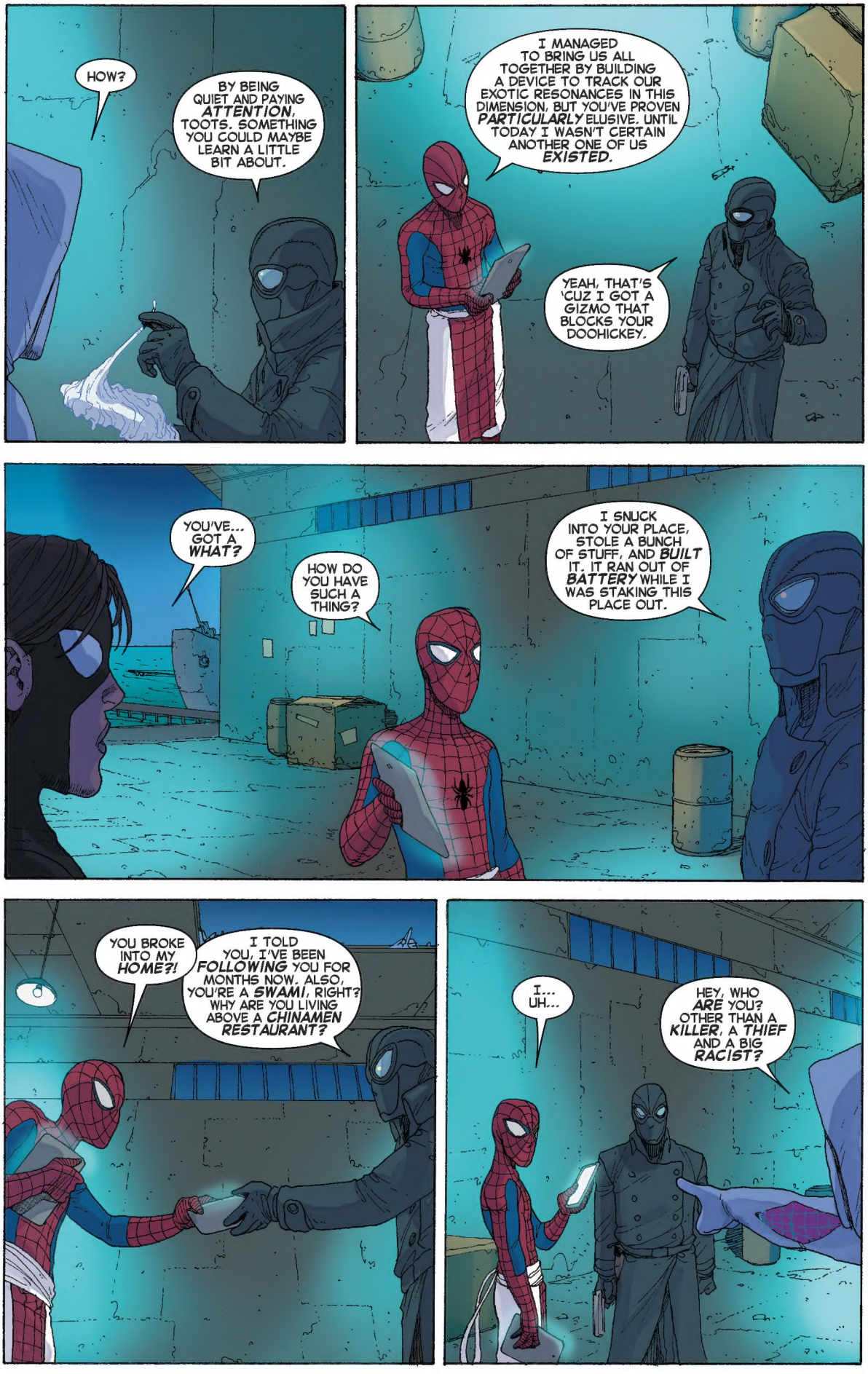
WHAT WAS THAT?
THAT WAS SOMETHING I LEARNED FROM THE WAR.
YOU WANT TO END SOMETHING FAST--


--YOU CAN'T BE AFRAID TO GET YOUR HANDS DIRTY.
HEY!
BLAM
BLAM

WE DON'T KILL!
MAYBE YOU DON'T. BUT I THINK I MIGHT HAVE A BETTER GRASP OF REALPOLITIK THAN YOU.

ALSO, HE AIN'T DEAD. I JUST WANT THAT MONSTER LIVING IN HIM TO STAY BUSY KNITTING HIM UP FOR A WHILE.
Nng.

YOU DON'T SEEM TOO SURPRISED TO SEE US.
'CUZ I AIN'T. I BEEN WATCHING YOU DINGBATS FOR A LONG TIME NOW.


HOW?
BY BEING QUIET AND PAYING ATTENTION, TOOTS. SOMETHING YOU COULD MAYBE LEARN A LITTLE BIT ABOUT.
I MANAGED TO BRING US ALL TOGETHER BY BUILDING A DEVICE TO TRACK OUR EXOTIC RESONANCES IN THIS DIMENSION, BUT YOU'VE PROVEN PARTICULARLY ELUSIVE. UNTIL TODAY I WASN'T CERTAIN ANOTHER ONE OF US EXISTED.
YEAH, THAT'S 'CUZ I GOT A GIZMO THAT BLOCKS YOUR DOOHICKEY.
YOU'VE... GOT A WHAT?
HOW DO YOU HAVE SUCH A THING?
I SNUCK INTO YOUR PLACE, STOLE A BUNCH OF STUFF, AND BUILT IT. IT RAN OUT OF BATTERY WHILE I WAS STAKING THIS PLACE OUT.
YOU BROKE INTO MY HOME?!
I TOLD YOU, I'VE BEEN FOLLOWING YOU FOR MONTHS NOW. ALSO, YOU'RE A SWAMI, RIGHT? WHY ARE YOU LIVING ABOVE A CHINAMEN RESTAURANT?
I... UH...
HEY, WHO ARE YOU? OTHER THAN A KILLER, A THIEF AND A BIG RACIST?

I'M AN INVESTIGATIVE REPORTER. YOU KNOW WHAT THAT MEANS? IT MEANS I COLLECT FACTS, AND I FIGURE OUT THE STORY.
AND WHEN I DETERMINE WHO THE BAD GUYS IN THE STORY ARE, I PUNISH THEM.
UH.
I DON'T THINK THAT'S WHAT REPORTERS DO.
THEY DO WHERE I COME FROM.
SO WHAT DO YOU KNOW ABOUT OUR STORY, SINCE YOU'VE CLEARLY BEEN INVESTIGATING US?
I KNOW I'M NOT STAYING HERE TO BE A PART OF IT. IF YOU WERE ABLE TO FIND ME, THEN IT'S ONLY A MATTER OF TIME--
OH, NO.
SEE, WHAT DID I TELL YOU ABOUT THESE OLD BUILDINGS?

YOU GO POKIN' AROUND *INSIDE*, YOU'RE LIKELY TO FIND A BIG NEST OF *SPIDERS*.
TO BE CONTINUED!

CAUGHT IN THE WEB OF SPIDER-VERSE

Send e-mail to
SPIDEYOFFICE@MARVEL.COM
(please mark as OKAY TO PRINT)

Hello in here, out there, around the world and aboard all the ships at sea! Spider-Assistant Devin Lewis reporting to you live and in-print from Marvel HQ!

What a way to wrap Issue #2! Will our web-slinging wonders survive their encounter with the Sinister Six? Who's pulling their strings? And just what the heck is going on with Spider-Ham?! All of these questions, and more, will be answered as we keep marching forward through SPIDER-VERSE!

If you dug it, let us know at SPIDEYOFFICE@MARVEL.COM and mark your letters OKAY TO PRINT!

Until then, check out this cover to Issue #3 by the peerless Nick Bradshaw and Jim Campbell.

All hail Doom!

Devin
@edevinlewis